



CW
COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

TIM HOLT

No. 15

10¢



this issue
Complete Story
of
THE GHOST RIDER



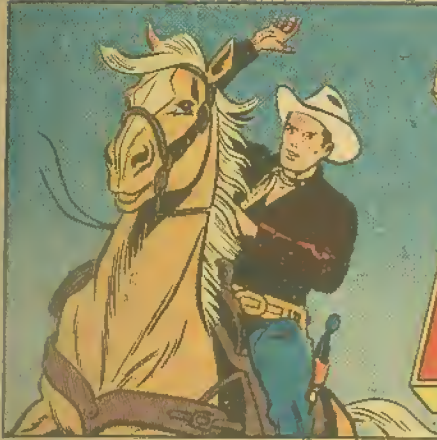
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



KNOCKOUT on the way! Tim has rocked the badman with a jolting left hook, and is now cocking his right fist for the driving haymaker that will put the villain to sleep!

TIM HOLT. March, 1950. Vol. 2, No. 15. Published monthly by Magazine Enterprises, Inc. Publication Office, 8 Lord Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Editorial and Executive offices, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Vincent Sullivan, Publisher; Raymond C. Krank, Editor. Entered as second-class matter August 8, 1948, at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription in U.S.A., \$1.50 for 12 issues; other countries, \$2.00. Entire contents copyrighted 1950 by Magazine Enterprises, Inc. Printed in U.S.A.

TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

WHEN THE SLASHER AND HIS GUN-TOTING PAL'S CUT DOWN SLOW RUNNER, THE PAWNEE BRAVE, IN DARK MILE PASS, THEY SET FIRE TO THE FIERCE AND SAVAGE TEMPER OF HIS TRIBE. BLACK WAR PAINT IS SMEARED ON FACE AND CHEST! BOWS ARE STRUNG! ARROW-HEADS ARE SHARPENED!

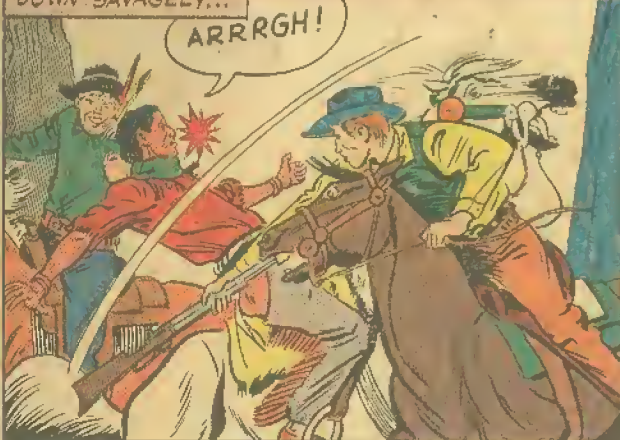
OUT OF THE FURY THAT WAS TO BREED A BLOODY SAVAGE INDIAN WAR SWEEPS TIM HOLT ON THE GOLDEN STALLION, LIGHTNING—ONE MAN ALONE AGAINST A NATION, RIDING A—

"WHITE MAN'S WAR TRAIL!"



FRANK BOLLE

A CRY GURGLES IN SLOW RUNNER'S MOUTH AS A FOREARM TIGHTENS LIKE A STEEL BAND AROUND HIS THROAT. A RIFLE LIFTS AND COMES DOWN SAVAGELY...



ARRRGH!

IF THIS WON'T START AN INJUN WAR — NOTHIN' WILL!



BLAMM!

TIM HOLT

THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON, A SMALL PARTY OF PAWNEE BRAVES FIND THE DEAD BODY OF SLOW RUNNER. GRIMLY HE IS CARRIED TO THE BUFFALO SKIN LODGES OF THE TRIBE...

NO SCALP TAKEN! WHITE MAN KILL HIM!

WHITE MAN BREAK PEACE!

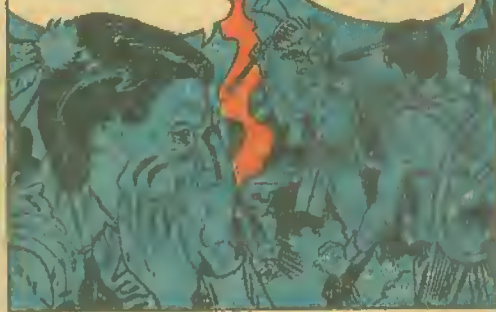
NOW PAWNEES TAKE WAR TRAIL-- KILL WHITE MAN!



THE WILD YELP OF DANCERS MAKE THE NIGHT-HIDEOUS AS STRONG HANDS SMEAR ON THE WAR PAINT...

WHITE MAN'S SCALPS WILL HANG FROM OUR LODGE POLES!

WHITE MEN NOW WILL DIE! THE PEACE IS OVER!



WITH YELPS AND SHRILL CRIES, THEIR HEELS DRUM INTO THEIR PONIES' SIDES! BEHIND THE BLACK PAINT, HARD EYES GLINT WITH THE LUST TO KILL... TO SCALP!

Yiii-yiii-yiii!

Aii-Ai-Ai!



AND IN THE ROCK LEDGES HIGH ABOVE THEM, THE SLASHER AND JOHNNY REB SPEAK GLIBLY...



THERE THEY GO, JOHNNY! HUH! THEY'RE OUT FOR BEAR! BY THORNY THEY'RE WORKED UP!

ALL THE BETTER WHEN THEY START RAIDIN' AN' LIFTIN' SCALPS, THE COLONEL OVER AT FORT DANGER IS GOIN' TO THROW A WHOLE REGIMENT AGAINST 'EM...AND FORCE 'EM INTO A RESERVATION!

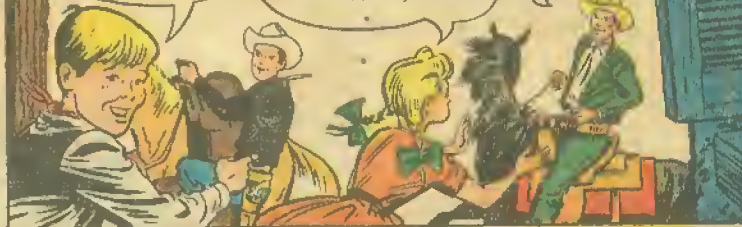


AT THAT MOMENT, SOME MILES AWAY AT THE FRYING PAN RANCH...

TIM! MAMMA! HERE'S TIM!

AND CHITO! DID YOU BRING ME THE CANDY, CHITO?

EES OF COURSE!



NOT ONLY CANDY, BUT A SIDE OF BEEF! RECKON YOU AND THE CHILDREN WON'T GO HUNGRY, MRS. BAXTER!

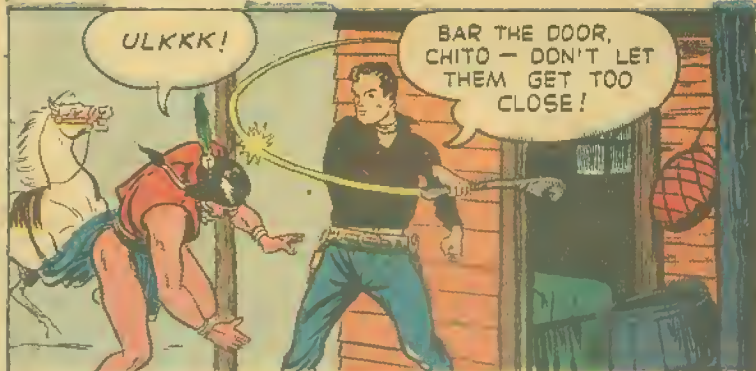
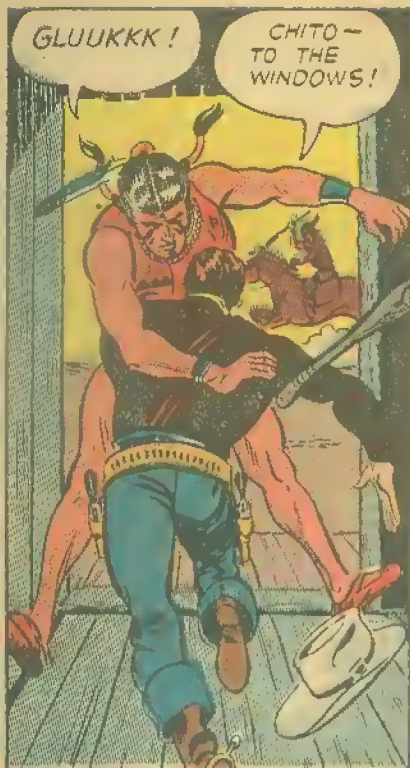
YOU'RE GOOD TO US, TIM. HELPING TO KEEP OUR RANCH IN REPAIR UNTIL THAT MONEY COMES THROUGH FROM MY HUSBAND'S ESTATE... FEEDING US...



INJUNS!



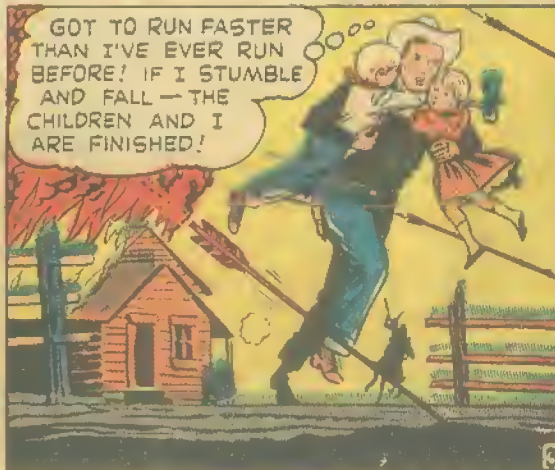
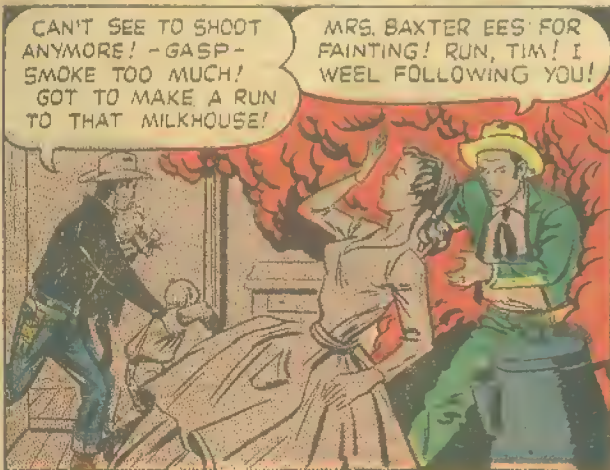
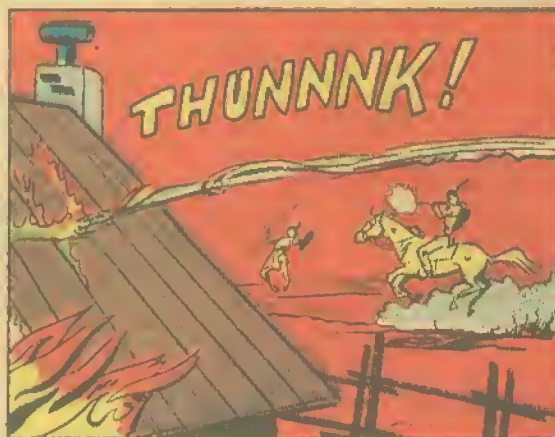
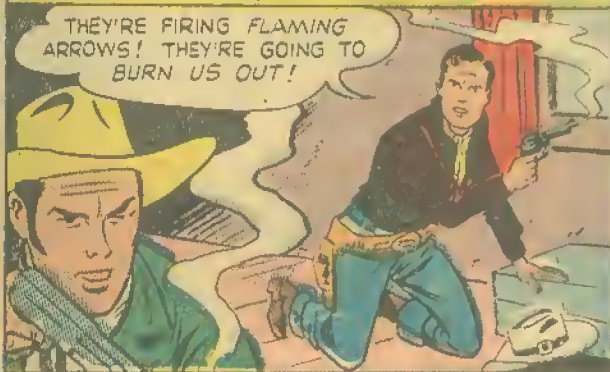
TIM HOLT



WHOOPING AND YELLING, THE PAWNEES POUR A FLOOD OF ARROWS FROM THEIR TWANGING BOWSTRINGS



AS THE ACRID SMELL OF GUNPOWDER FILLS THE RANCH HOUSE, TIM CALLS OUT SHARPLY...



TIM HOLT



I'M GOING TO MAKE IT—
IF I DON'T CATCH A WAR
ARROW IN THE BACK!



MAYBE I CAN DRIVE THEM
OFF LONG ENOUGH FOR CHITO
AND MRS. BAXTER TO GET
HERE.



EES GOOD SHOOTTEENG,
TIM! ONLY A FEW MORE
STEPS AN'—

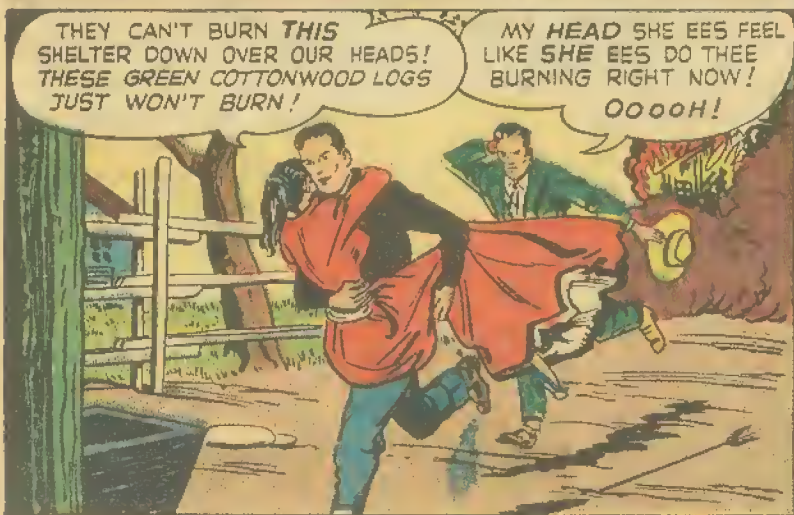
A VICIOUSLY SWUNG WARCLUB
CRASHES DOWN ON CHITO—
SENDS HIM TO THE GROUND!



UHH!



DON'T WANT TO KILL ANY
OF THEM... IF I CAN HELP IT.
JUST WOUND THEM...
DRIVE THEM BACK!



THEY CAN'T BURN **THIS**
SHELTER DOWN OVER OUR HEADS!
THESE GREEN COTTONWOOD LOGS
JUST WON'T BURN!

MY HEAD SHE EES FEEL
LIKE SHE EES DO THEE
BURNING RIGHT NOW!
OOOOH!

AFTER AN HOUR OF SHOOTING
ARROWS AND YELPING WAR CRIES,
THE PAWNEES RACE OFF, WITH
THE LITTLE RANCH'S SADDLE STOCK...



HI-yiii!

AIEE! AIEE!

TIM HOLT



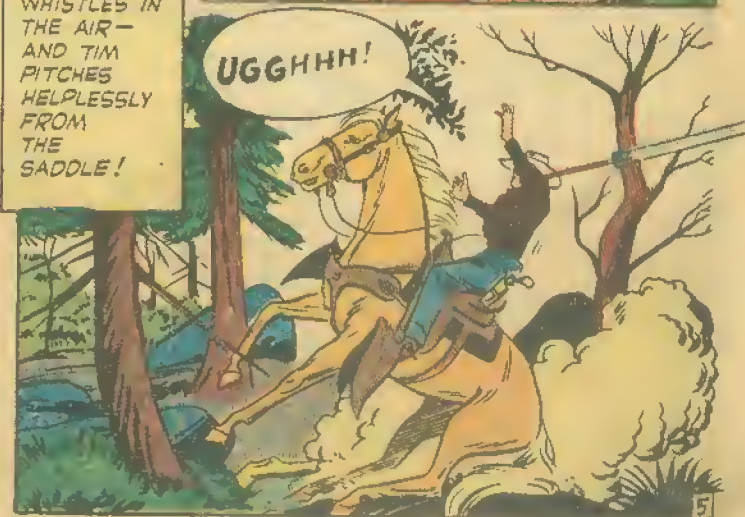
UNKNOWN TO TIM, THE PAWNEE BRAVES HAVE MADE THEIR REPORT, AND THEIR INFLAMMATORY WORDS AROUSE THE ANGER OF WATCHES-THE-SKY, PAWNEE CHIEF...



UNAWARE THAT PAWNEE RIFLES AND ARROWS WAIT FOR HIM, TIM HEADS UP INTO THE TIMBER BELT...



THE ARROW WHISTLES IN THE AIR—AND TIM PITCHES HELPLESSLY FROM THE SADDLE!



SILENTLY THE GREAT BOW BENDS. FOR AN INSTANT, THE ARROW IS DRAWN TO ITS DEEPEST LENGTH—THEN RELEASED!



TIM HOLT



HIM HAVE GOOD SCALP!
RED DEER HANG SCALP
ON POLE BEFORE HIS LODGE!



YOUR ARROW HIT THE
HONDA HOLDING THE
TIE-STRINGS OF MY
SOMBRERO, PAWNEE!
IT DEFLECTED IT
JUST ENOUGH...

YOU—
STILL
ALIVE?!



ALIVE — AND
FULL OF
FIGHT!

GNHYAAH!

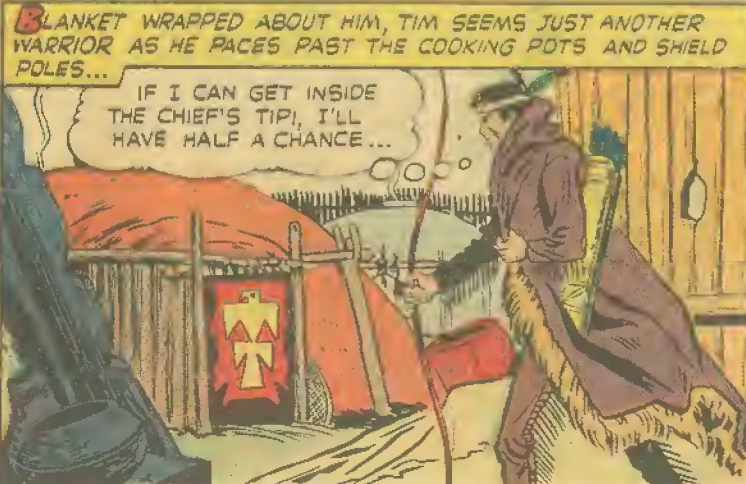


ULKKK!

I NEVER THOUGHT
THE DAY WOULD
COME WHEN AN
INDIAN'S CLOTHES
WOULD LOOK SO
GOOD TO ME...



RECKON I'LL NEED THIS COSTUME
TO GET INTO THAT PAWNEE VILLAGE
...IF WATCHES-THE-SKY HAS GUARDS
COVERING ALL APPROACHES TO IT.
HUH...WONDER WHAT CHITO'D
SAY IF HE COULD SEE ME NOW?

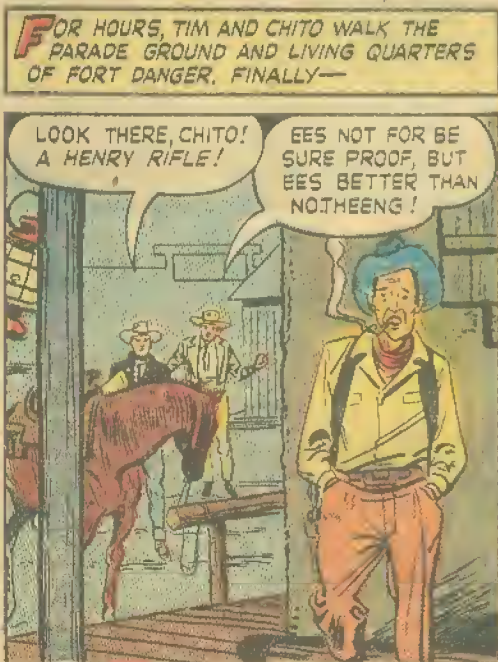
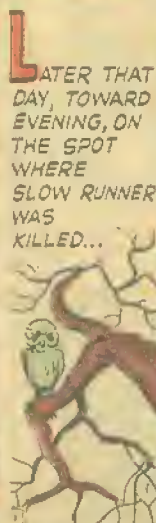
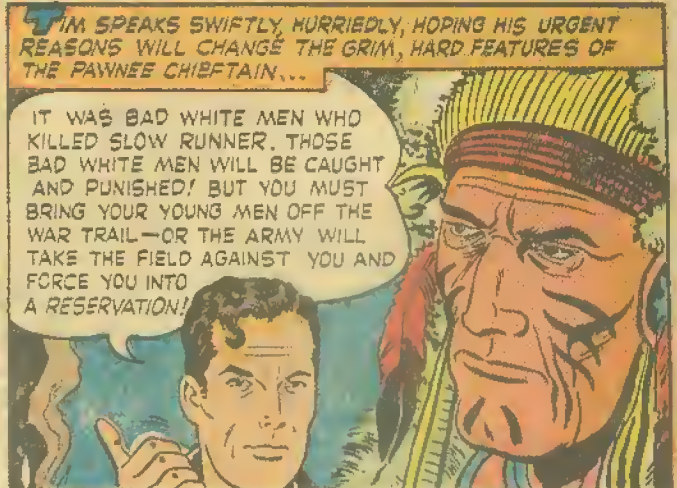


BLANKET WRAPPED ABOUT HIM, TIM SEEMS JUST ANOTHER
WARRIOR AS HE PACES PAST THE COOKING POTS AND SHIELD
POLES...

IF I CAN GET INSIDE
THE CHIEF'S TIPI, I'LL
HAVE HALF A CHANCE...



COME IN,
WHITE MAN!



TIM HOLT

THAT NIGHT, AS TIM AND CHITO — UNWARE THAT THEY HAVE BEEN SPIED UPON AND TRAILED — DOZE LIGHTLY BESIDE A SMOULDERING FIRE...

THERE THEY ARE!
GUN 'EM DOWN!

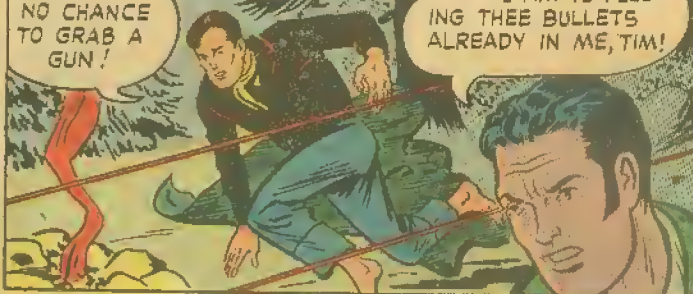
DON'T GIVE
'EM A
CHANCE!



WAKING TO THE THUNDER OF SIXGUNS, TIM AND CHITO
DIVE WILDLY ACROSS THE FIRE —

NO CHANCE
TO GRAB A
GUN!

I AM TO FEEL-
ING THEE BULLETS
ALREADY IN ME, TIM!



AIDED BY
THE GLARE OF
THE FIRE,
PLACED AT
THEIR BACKS
BY THEIR
WILD LEAP,
THEY GRAB
FOR THEIR
MOUNTS
BLINDLY...

NOW — BACK AT THEM
BEFORE THEY CAN RECOVER
FROM THEIR SURPRISE!



OVER THEY
GO,
CHITO!



I WANTED TO GET CLOSER
TO OUR GUNS — BUT THIS
PARFLECHE BAG WILL
HAVE TO DO!



THEY AIN'T GOT
NO SIXGUNS, BOYS!
THIS IS GOIN' TO BE
LIKE SHOOTIN' SITTING
BIRDS!



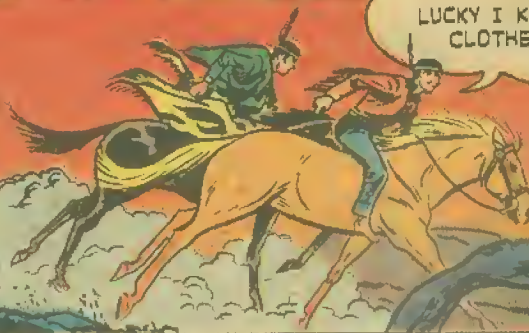
THEES EES LAST
TIME WE ARE FOR RIDE
TOGETHER, TIM! THEY
CATCH US EASY, NOW!

MAYBE! BUT
I'VE A LITTLE
TRICK UP MY
SLEEVE, CHITO...



TIM HOLT

AS THEY RIDE, TIM EXPLAINS— THEN THE PARFLECHE BAG IS OPENED—AND PAWNEE CLOTHES COME OUT! MOMENTS LATER, TWO INDIANS RIDE THE HIGH TRAIL AMONG THE PINONS AND THE FIRS...



LUCKY I KEPT THE PAWNEE CLOTHES. NOW—LET'S GO, CHITO!

FLEEING—APPARENTLY IN PANIC— BEFORE THE ONCOMING KILLERS, TIM SWINGS LIGHTNING ALONG THE PAWNEE VILLAGE TRAIL...

WHITE MEN FOLLOW PAWNEE! HAH— LET THEM RIDE ON INTO VILLAGE— WHERE CHIEF TAKE CARE OF THEM!



LOOK! INJUNS!

NOT JUST INJUNS— THE PAWNEES! IF THEY KNEW...!



DROP YOUR GUNS!

IT'S HOLT! HIM AN' THE INJUNS ARE FRIENDS!



DON'T TURN US OVER TO THEM, HOLT!

WE'LL RIDE BACK AN' FACE A WHITE MAN'S COURT—BUT NOT THEIR SCALP DANCE!

WELL, CHIEF—WHAT DO YOU SAY?



YOU HEAP GOOD FRIEND OF RED MAN! YOU DO-UM ACCORDING TO WHITE MAN'S LAW. I TAKE MY BRAVES OFF WAR-PATH! WE KEEP-UM PEACE, FROM NOW ON!



AND FROM THAT DAY ON, THE PAWNEE TRIBE TURNED FROM WAR WITH THE WHITES, TO HELP INSTEAD IN REBUILDING THE BURNED FRYING PAN RANCH, IN SUPPLYING MEAT AND VEGETABLES TO FORT DANGER— AND TO HONORING THEIR ADOPTED SON—TIM HOLT!

THE END

the GHOST RIDER

A WHITE FORM STREAKING THROUGH THE BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT. / A THUD OF HOOVES IN THE EERIE STILLNESS. / A SCREAM OF TERROR FROM A GUNMAN'S THROAT, A MOAN OF FRIGHT FROM A ROBBER'S LIPS — **THE GHOST RIDER** ROAMS THE WASTELANDS.

AND WHERE THE WHITE WARRIOR RIDES — EVIL DIES. / EVEN THE EVIL OF THE RED RENEGADES WHO FOUGHT UNDER THE WHITE MAN WHO BETRAYED HIS OWN PEOPLE DIES BEFORE THE DREAD
"TERROR OF THE NIGHT!"



DICK AYERS

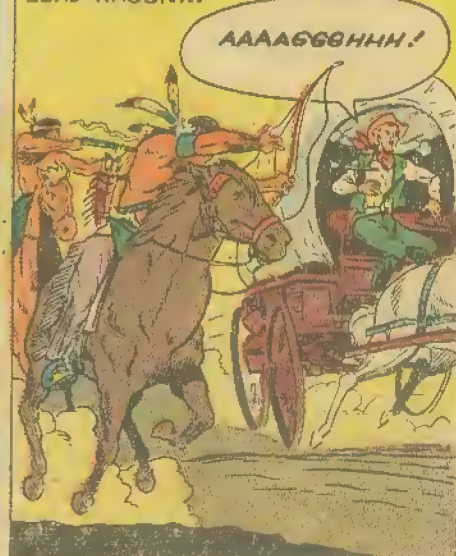
AS A WAGON TRAIN CRAWLS BETWEEN THE SAND HILLS SOUTH OF THE ARKANSAS RIVER, HEADING TOWARD SANTA FE, FEATHERED WAR BONNETS DANCE IN THE BREEZE AS A RED THROAT WHOOPS DEFIANCE ...



KIA! KIA!

AIELLLLAAA!

A BOWSTRING TWANGS! A HENRY RIFLE CRACKS VICIOUSLY. A MAN SCREAMS AS HE FALLS FROM THE LEAD WAGON...



AAAAGGGHHH!

TIM HOLT

FEDERAL MARSHAL REX FURY LEAPS TO THE LEAD HORSES, TRIES TO SWING THEM AROUND...



NO TIME! THEY'RE ON TOP OF US - EVERYWHERE! ALMOST AS IF THEY WERE TOLD WHEN TO STRIKE!



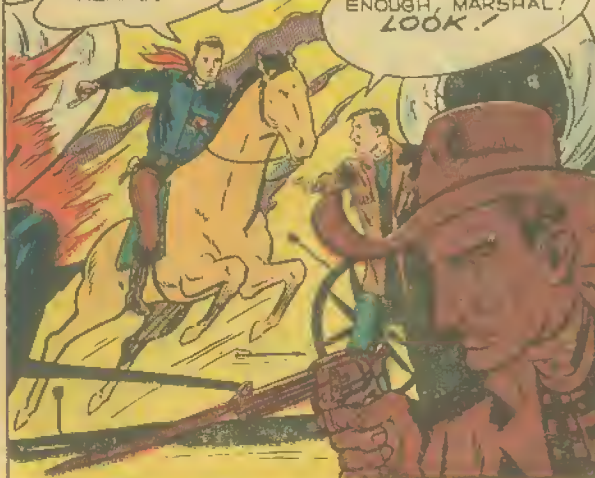
MARSHAL REX FURY'S HANDS DROP AND LIFT AS HE SWINGS UP ON TO THE INDIAN PONY. HIS THUMBS RELEASE HEAVY HAMMERS...



GRAB YORE MOUNTS! RUN FOR IT! THEM INJUNS WILL SCALP US ALL!



GOOD WORK, BOYS! I'M GLAD TO SEE SOME OF US ARE KEEPING OUR HEADS!



BUT IT ISN'T ENOUGH, MARSHAL! LOOK!

THOSE RED DEVILS HAVE KIDNAPPED PARSONS AND ELKINS - THE TWO MEN WHO HAVE ALL OUR CASH ON 'EM! REMEMBER HOW WE POOLED IT JUST IN CASE OF AN INJUN ATTACK?

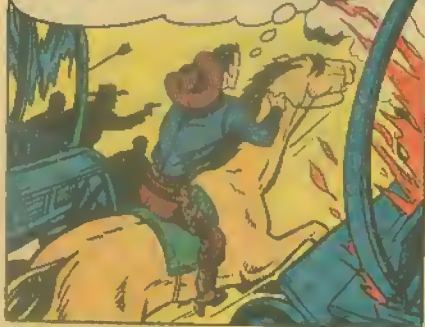
YES, I REMEMBER - AND I REMEMBER WHO SUGGESTED IT, TOO! PROTHERO!



TIM HOLT

AS THE RENEGADE CHEYENNES WITHDRAW, REX FURY DRIVES TOES INTO HIS MOUNT'S RIBS...

THE CHIEF MARSHAL SENT ME ON THIS WAGON TRIP TO FIND OUT WHY THE REDMEN HAVE BEEN ATTACKING THE WAGONS ROLLING ALONG THE SANTA FE TRAIL. WE SUSPECT A WHITE MAN IS LEADING THEM... AND I HAVE TO GET HIM!



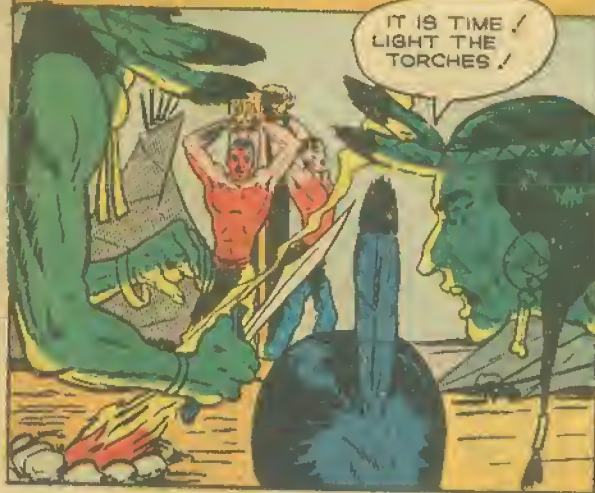
BUT I'LL NEVER ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING AS REX FURY. IT'S ALMOST NIGHTFALL- AND TIME FOR THE GHOST RIDER TO MAKE HIS APPEARANCE.



AND, SECONDS LATER...



IN THE RENEGADES' VILLAGE, CAMPFIRES CAST A RED GLOW ACROSS THE BOUND BODIES OF TWO HELPLESS WHITE MEN...



IT IS TIME!
LIGHT THE
TORCHES!

KOU-BE A TIA!
TEST THEIR COURAGE!
TEST THE STRENGTH
OF THE WHITE ENEMY!
S'AA TA!



WAVING LIGHTED TORCHES, KEEN KNIVES AND SHARP AXES, THE RENEGADES SWEEP DOWN ON THEIR VICTIMS WITH GUTTURAL SHOUTS!

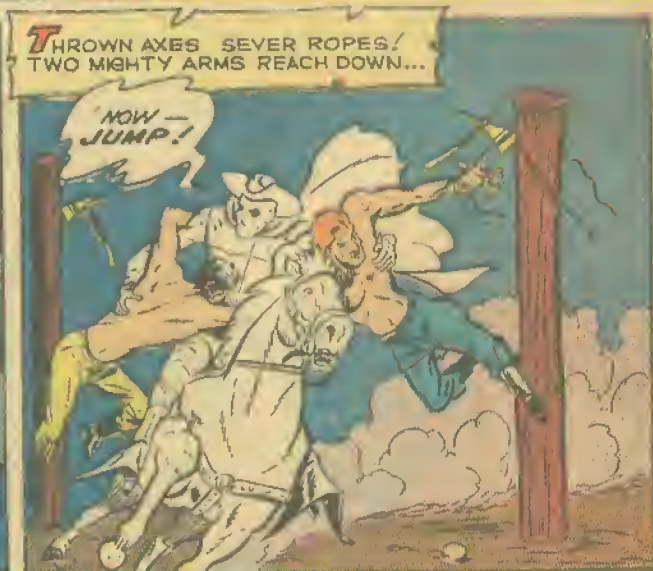
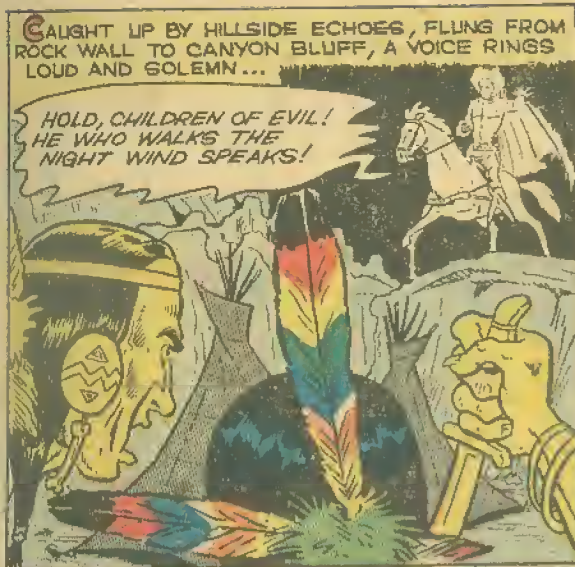
KEEP YOUR CHIN HIGH,
ABE. THIS IS GOIN' TO
BE AWFUL... BUT IT
CAN'T LAST FOREVER!

YEAH...
I KNOW...
GULP

AIAAA!
AIIIAAAA!

KIA!
KIA!





IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO IT IS. WHOEVER THE MAN MIGHT BE, HE HAS TO COME TO THE CHEYENNES TO COLLECT THE CASH - AND WHEN HE DOES... I WILL BE THERE!



MORNING, AT THE WAGON TRAIN ...

IT WAS A PLUMB CLOSE CALL! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT GHOST RIDER, WE'D BE UNDERGROUND RIGHT 'BOUT NOW!

THE INJUNS ROBBED YUH, HUH? SEEMS FUNNY TO ME THEY'D TAKE CASH! YUH SURE YUH DIDN'T HIDE IT WHEN THE GHOST RIDER TURNED YUH FREE?



WHY, YUH MEALY-MOUTHED WINDBAG, I'D LIKE TO ...!

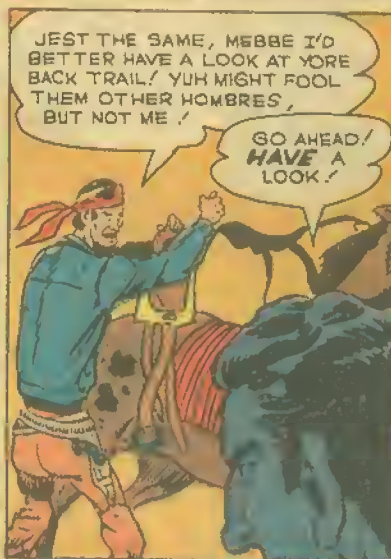
GUILTY CONSCIENCE, HUH?

STOP IT! NO FIGHTIN' 'TIL WE TWIST OURSELVES!



JEST THE SAME, MEBBE I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK AT YORE BACK TRAIL! YUH MIGHT FOOL THEM OTHER HOMBRES, BUT NOT ME!

GO AHEAD! HAVE A LOOK!



FOR HOURS, JEPH PROTHERO RODE INTO THE FOOTHILLS. TOWARD DUSK ...

HOWDY, BOYS! HEARD YUH COULDN'T KEEP HOLD TO YORE PRISONERS!

THAT GHOST RIDER IS DEVIL!



HERE IS THE WHITE MAN'S GREEN MONEY! BAH! WHAT GOOD IS PAINTED PAPER?

GOOD ENOUGH FER ME. YUH'LL FIND PLENTY OF TRADE GOODS FER YUH AN' YORE BRAVES BACK AT THE WAGON CAMP. I'M LEAVIN' IT UNDER THE REMAINS OF THE BURNED WAGONS! ADIOS, CHIEF!

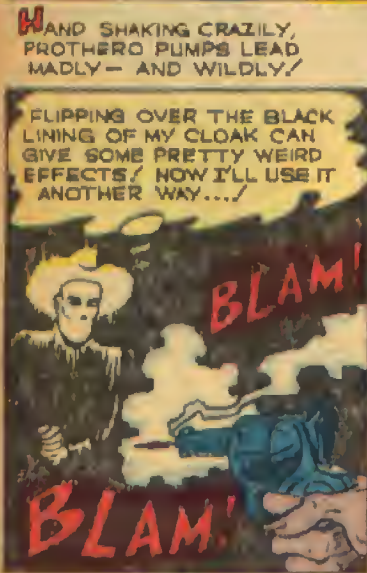


NOT ADIOS - BUT RATHER - A'K'OU-HA! HELLO!

HUH? WHAT?

GHOST RIDER - AGAIN!





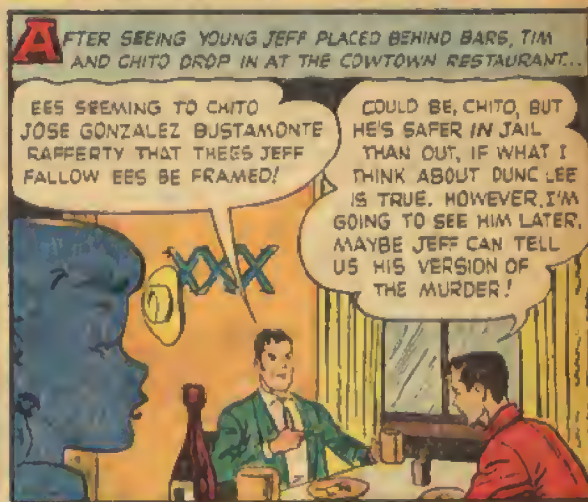
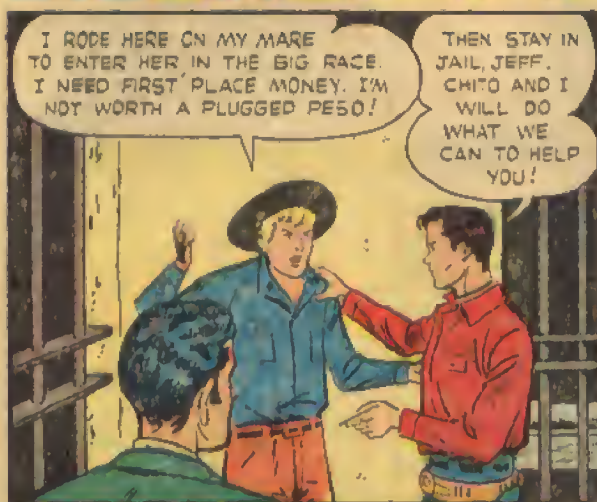
TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

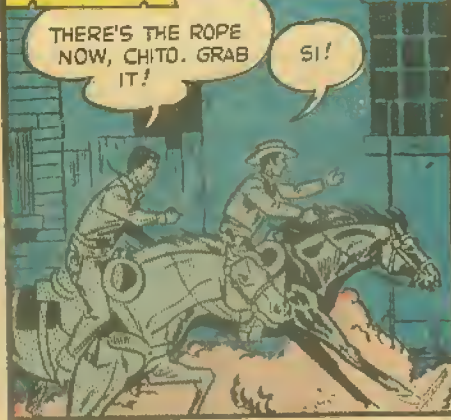


TIM HOLT

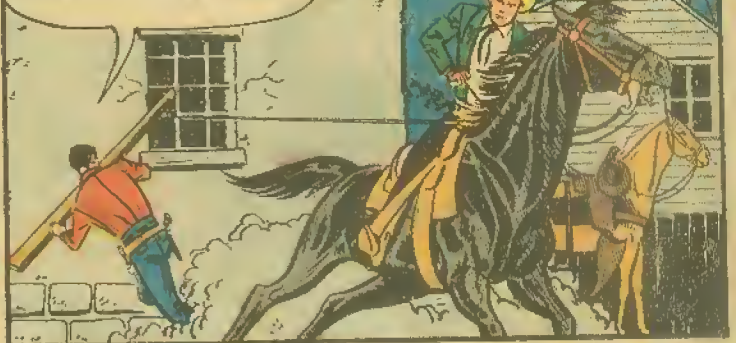


TIM HOLT

THAT NIGHT — IN THE ALLEY BEHIND THE JAIL...



WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST! I SAW DUNC LEE HARANGUING SOME OF THE SALOON HANGERS-ON! HE'LL HAVE THEM WORKED UP WITH WORDS AND WHISKEY IN SHORT ORDER.



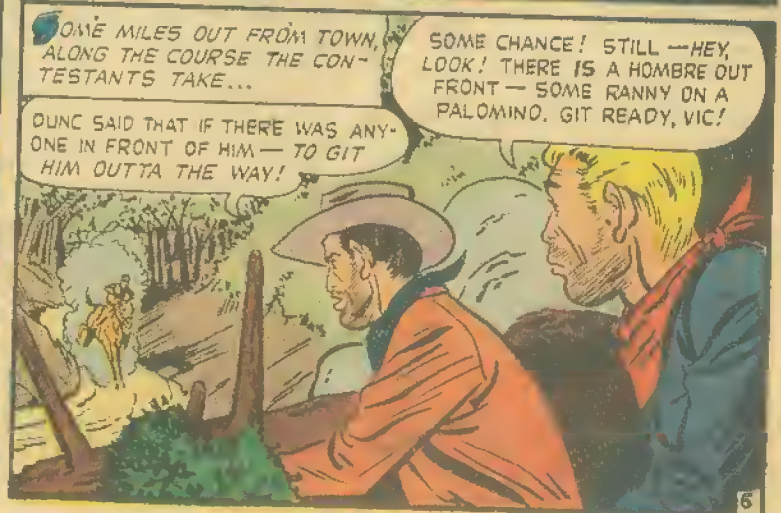
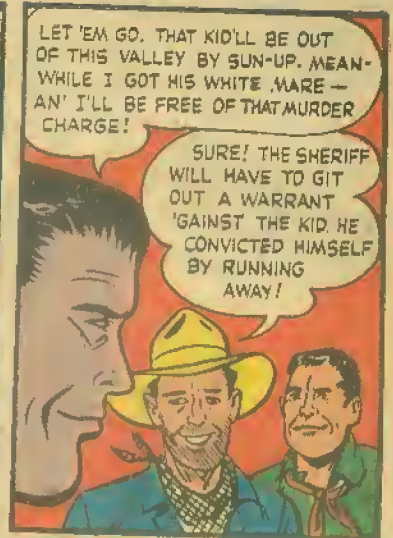
DOWN THE MAIN STREET OF MESA COLORADO, DUNC LEE FACES A WHISKEY-MADDENED MOB. HIS WORDS ARE INFLAMMATORY! A ROPE APPEARS. A MAN SHOUTS SAVAGELY...



IN FRONT OF THE JAIL...



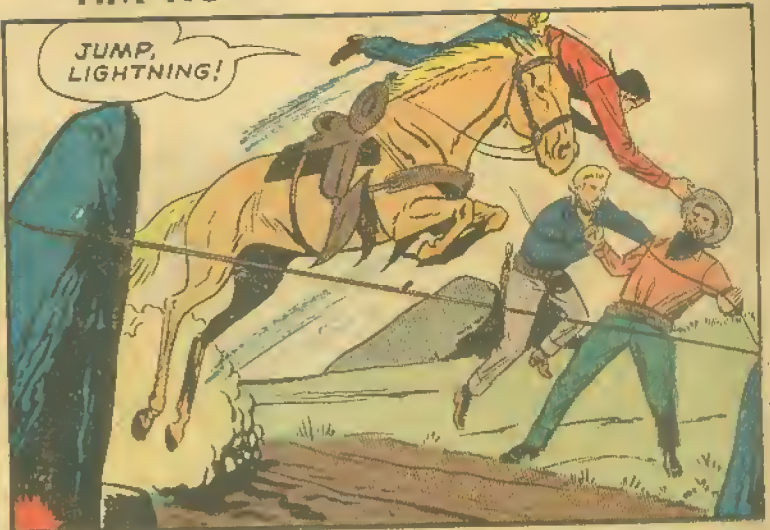
TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



WHAT?? LIGHTNING — YOU'LL CUT YOUR NECK ON THAT ROPE!



JUMP, LIGHTNING!



OVER AND OVER IN THE DUST TIM ROLLS, LOCKED WITH THE GUNMEN. HIS FISTS SLAM HOME IN RIBS AND ON JAWS, AS THE RACE SWEEPS PAST HIM...

GOT TO GET RID OF THESE BAD HATS — OR THEY'LL DELAY ME LONG ENOUGH FOR LEE TO WIN THAT RACE!

FINALLY, TIM LASHES OUT ONCE ... TWICE ...



GNNNYYYYAAA!

ONCE AGAIN IN THE SADDLE, TIM WHISPERS ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE MIGHTY GOLDEN STALLION! LIGHTNING'S HOOFES SPURN THE GROUND. FOOT BY FOOT HE GAINS ON THE DISTANT HORSES...

FASTER, BOY...

FASTER! YOU CAN DO IT! THOSE HORSES CAN'T HOLD A CANDLE TO YOU...NOT EVEN THAT LITTLE WHITE MARE.

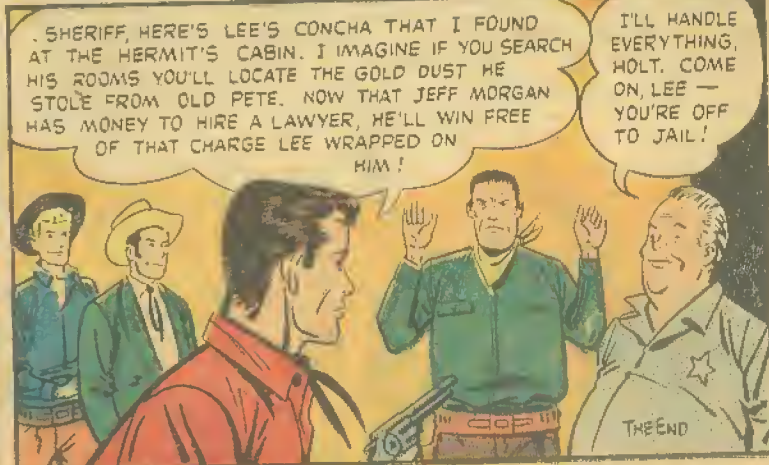
FASTER...



THE PALOMINO WINS!

HOORAY! HOORAY!

WHAT A FINISH!



SHERIFF, HERE'S LEE'S CONCHA THAT I FOUND AT THE HERMIT'S CABIN. I IMAGINE IF YOU SEARCH HIS ROOMS YOU'LL LOCATE THE GOLD DUST HE STOLE FROM OLD PETE. NOW THAT JEFF MORGAN HAS MONEY TO HIRE A LAWYER, HE'LL WIN FREE OF THAT CHARGE LEE WRAPPED ON HIM!

I'LL HANDLE EVERYTHING, HOLT. COME ON, LEE — YOU'RE OFF TO JAIL!

THE END

TIM HOLT

WHITE MAN'S MAGIC

CORPORAL Chris Hecker toed his black gelding past the red sandstone outcropping and reined in. Far above him, dark against the blue bowl of sky, a rising pennon of smoke from an Apache fire broke and dissipated under the tongue of a breeze. Hecker scowled and shifted restlessly in the service saddle. He knew they had seen him. He knew they would be drumming heels in their horses' sides to overtake him. What worried him was—could his tired horse outstrip their fresh ponies?

He had ridden hard and fast from Fort Cobb, swimming the Washita and picking his way through the lower foothills of the Wichita Mountains, carrying orders to the commanding officer directing a new attack on the renegade Apaches who were out under Mangas. If those orders failed to get through, it would mean a summer of raiding and massacre by the Apaches on the ranches of west Texas! Corporal Hecker tightened his lips until the tan of his face showed white. He knew what Apache raiding meant. He had seen charred timbers and the bodies lying in them.

With a muffled imprecation, he swung the hammerhead gelding around and sent him at a loping run down the shallow side of an arroyo. He thought of the men who had followed the guidons with him for the past five years: men like Hank Elkton and gruff Bill Standish. He had a thick reading glass for Bill in his gutta-percha cartridge case, and a new revolver for Hank tucked away in his saddle-roll. He wanted to get that glass and gun to his old friends.

The corporal grunted. "Who'm I trying to kid?" he asked himself. "All I'm really interested in is saving my own skin!"

But deep down in his heart, he was aware that more than the loss of his own life troubled him. He remembered those burned ranches, and those inert bodies riddled with war arrows, and he shuddered even in the hot sunlight.

The hammerhead was across the far bank now, and moving along a wide stretch of

sotol-packed flatland. Hecker rode with the straightbacked sway of the cavalryman, knees gripping the sides of his mount. Once he turned in the saddle to scan the wasteland behind him.

He was moving through a formation of volcanic rock that caught the hot sunlight and reflected it in shimmering waves of distorted heat. A thin trickle of sweat darkened the back of his blue shirt. His hair, under the black campaign hat, was moist. Faintly, borne on the slow breeze that came up from the flats, he caught the ululating notes of the Apache war cry.

He twisted around, resting momentarily in the stirrups. He could see them—six faint brownish dots on moving colors that were their pinto ponies. Hecker grinned mirthlessly. Six to one. He shrugged. It could have been worse.

For the first time since leaving Fort Cobb, the corporal rammed in his spurs. The gelding lurched forward, seizing the bit. He ran with the smooth power of a well-trained saddler, his rider's stiff figure moving easily to his gait.

But they gained swiftly on him. The gelding could not take the rocky *malpais* as the pintos did the flat stretch behind him. And once those red devils moved into the rocks with him—

Corporal Hecker had served five years on this frontier. He knew that the Apache was as much at home in the red sandstone tongues and tufa formations as a rattler. But the rattler gave warning. An Apache would creep on top of you silently, with no hint of his coming. And by that time, it would be too late.

The Apaches began shooting from a distance of five hundred yards. The carbine bullets went wide, but their screaming *piiinnng* as they ricocheted off a rock tongue sent a cold chill down his spine.

He was guiding the gelding over a rough section of shale at the rim of a canyon side when a bullet caught the gelding and sent it pitching sideways over the edge of the cliff. Hecker kicked his feet free of the stirrups

TIM HOLT

and lurched wildly at the reddish bluff. His fingers caught on a curved stone and clung.

Panting, sweating, he pulled himself upward. When he was on firm ground he turned and stared below. "My carbine . . . my ammunition . . . everything down below!" He had five shells in the service revolver at his hip, and a cartridge case he had emptied in order to put Bill's reading glass inside it.

"Six Apaches—five bullets!" he groaned.

The corporal scrambled up the face of the ledge, hunting cover. The fear was slamming his heart against his ribcase. "What kind of a chance is that?" he asked himself as his fingers found holds, and his toes dug into shadowed niches. "One white man against six Apaches—in these rocks!"

Only the fierce instinct of self-preservation made him belly down in the dirt sink he found on the red sandstone bluff. He looked down.

The Apaches were nowhere to be seen, but their ponies stood a hundred feet below, their tails switching flies. Hecker rubbed his palm against his yellow-striped cavalry pants, and then put it on the curving grip of his gun. He drew the Colt and held it balanced in his hand.

An arrow, dipped in pitch and set afire, rose high above the rocks. He rolled aside as it dug into the soft earth. The flame went out. Hecker groaned. If he could only relight that arrow . . . hurl it back . . . hit one . . . force him to betray his position!

Hecker froze. Desperately he clawed at his gutta-percha cartridge box where he had put the thick reading glass for Bill Stander. He held the glass above the arrow, watched the beams of sunlight focus into one brilliant dot of whiteness. The pitch smoked, burst into flame. Hecker threw the arrow, carefully gauging its flight. It dropped into some sundried grama grass where it lay, smouldering.

Now other arrows sped through the air, bright with flame. One by one he relighted them, hurled them back. The Indians were calling to one another in guttural tones, shouting their amazement at this white man who could set fire to something without match or light.

Hecker chuckled. He'd show them something more in another minute or two!

But the Apaches were losing patience in this game. The white man was proving too elusive! They shouted to each other, urging a quick rush. Hecker heard them, and gripped his revolver tightly.

"HAI-YUA-YUA-AIEEEW!"

The wary froze his blood! They would be charging toward his knoll, now—six red fiends to face the five bullets in his Colt. . .

Hecker lifted from the protection of his rocks. He fired—and missed. And then his ears caught the sudden roar that told of dried

grasses long smouldering, springing into instant flaming life! A sheet of red went up all around the knoll! The Apaches were screaming, trying to run, their moccasins burning and their short jackets sparking and smoking.

One of them fell back into the flames, jacket and moccasins flaring red. Two others turned and ran. Three came right at Hecker where he crouched behind the rocks at the top of his knoll. They made good targets. Hecker did not miss at this short distance.

He threw himself down as the fire rolled above and beyond him. The rocks broke the red flames, though in the tiny natural oven where he lay the heat was awful. But it was gone in seconds. Hecker came to his feet and stared at the black charred desolation. Then he looked down at the reading glass that was still clutched in his left hand. He muttered, "A white man's magic. Huh! Reckon Bill Stander will have to find himself a new reading glass. This is one thing I'm carrying with me from now on! It's going to be part of my regulation filed equipment. Yes, sirree!"

THE END



BEFORE the coming of the Spanish, the Indians of the Plains region had no horses. It was the Spanish horse, brought to America by Coronado, deLeon and others, that ran wild, bred and spread across the thickly grassed southwestern plains, that made the Plains Indian great. Horsemen like the Comanche and the Cheyenne originally used dogs to drag their *Travois* from one village site to another. However, when the pintos and piebalds scattered in large bands across what is now Texas, Colorado and Oklahoma, the Plains Indians were quick to see their possibilities. No longer were they a nation of foot-travellers. Now they made their way on fleet horses!

The Comanches and other tribes evolved an entire art of fighting with the advent of the horse. They raided on horses to steal horses. The horse became a symbol of wealth. A man with a large horse herd was a rich man.

AN ODD FACT about the Indians was that they mounted their horses from the off, or right-hand, side. No white man would ever think of mounting in such fashion. Their saddlers—especially the half-wild bronc of the cowboy—would pitch and buck and sunfish at being treated in such unorthodox fashion. But the Indian mount was used to it. At a distance, such information saved many a lone traveller's life. If he saw distant men mounting from the right, he knew them for Indians, and laid low!

TIM HOLT

WESTERN RANGE BOOK

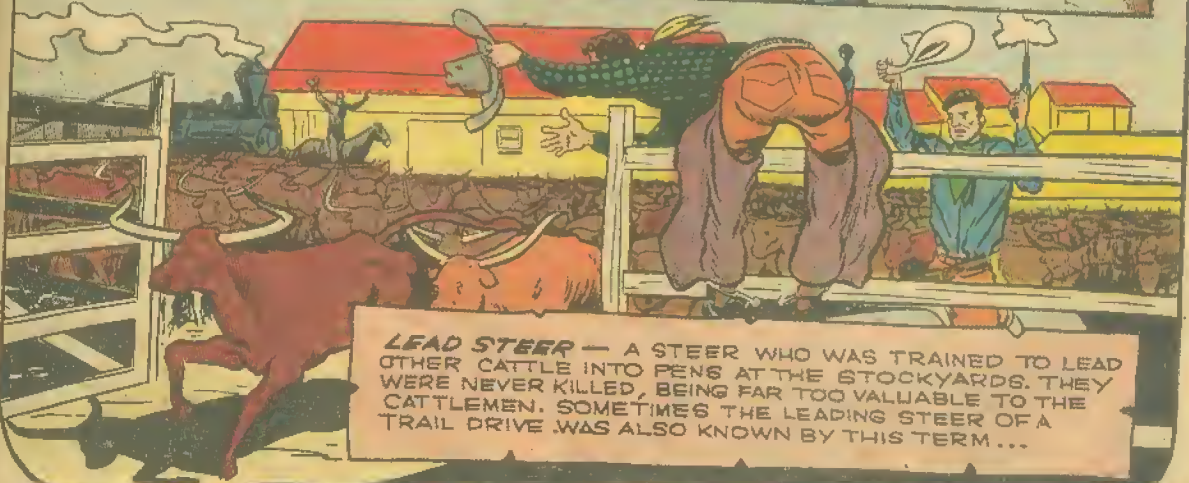


ROPING GRIZZLY BEARS WAS A FEATURE OF EARLY COWBOY DAYS IN CALIFORNIA. WITH RAWHIDE RIATAS ALONE, THE VAQUEROS HUNTED OUT THE GIANT BEAR, AND CAPTURED HIM — ALIVE.

KIDNAPPING WAS A PROFITABLE CRIME TO THE INDIANS. THEY SOON LEARNED THAT A WHITE CHILD OR WOMAN WOULD BRING MUCH RANSOM MONEY AT THE ARMY FORTS, AND WERE QUICK TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT. THEY STAGED SUDDEN RAIDS ON RANCH AND WAGON TRAIN, JUST TO CARRY OFF SOME CHILD....



LEAD STEER — A STEER WHO WAS TRAINED TO LEAD OTHER CATTLE INTO PENS AT THE STOCKYARDS. THEY WERE NEVER KILLED, BEING FAR TOO VALUABLE TO THE CATTLEMEN. SOMETIMES THE LEADING STEER OF A TRAIL DRIVE WAS ALSO KNOWN BY THIS TERM...

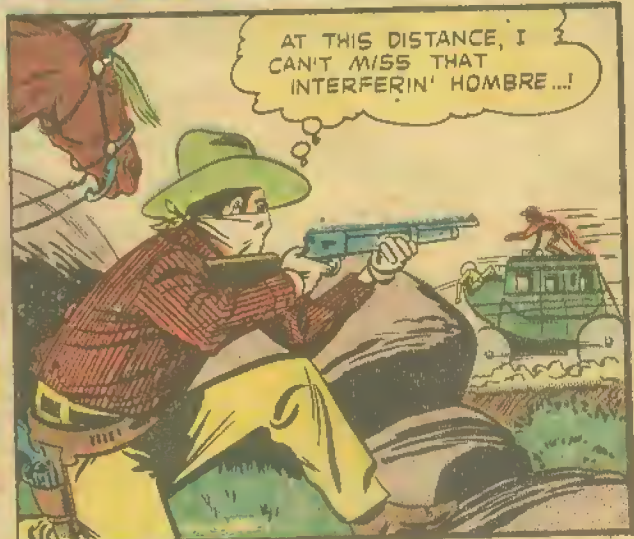
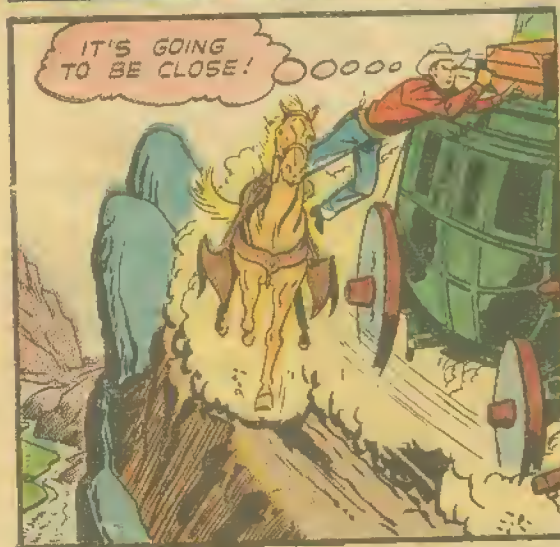
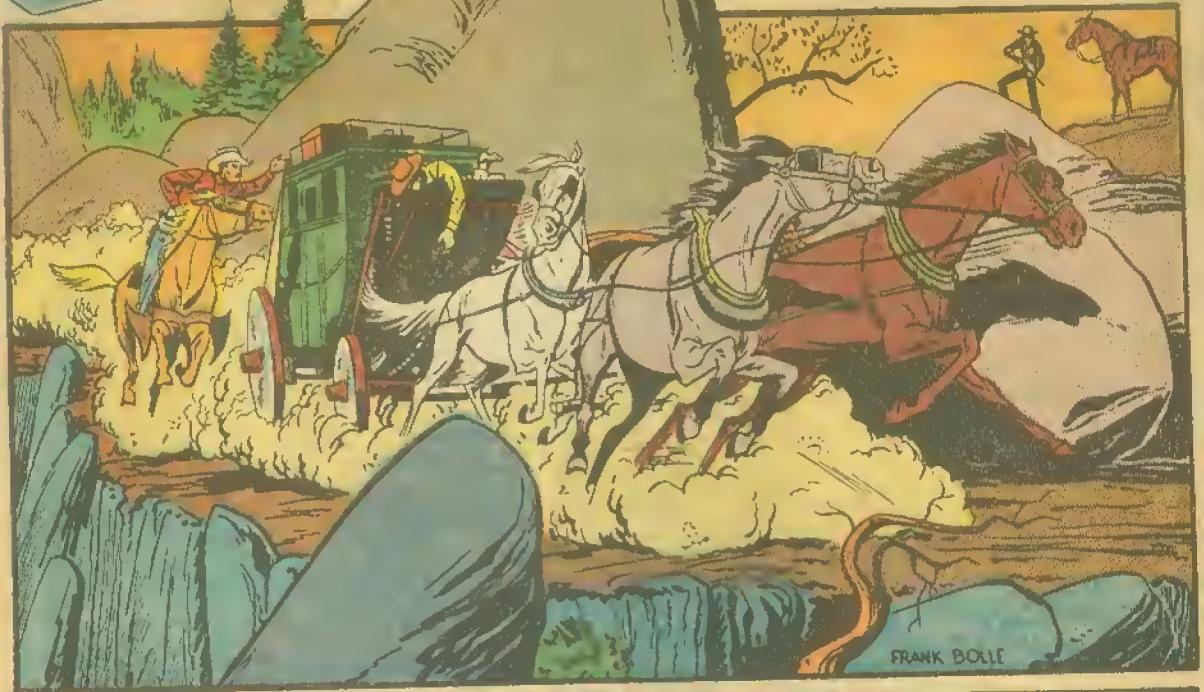


TIM HOLT

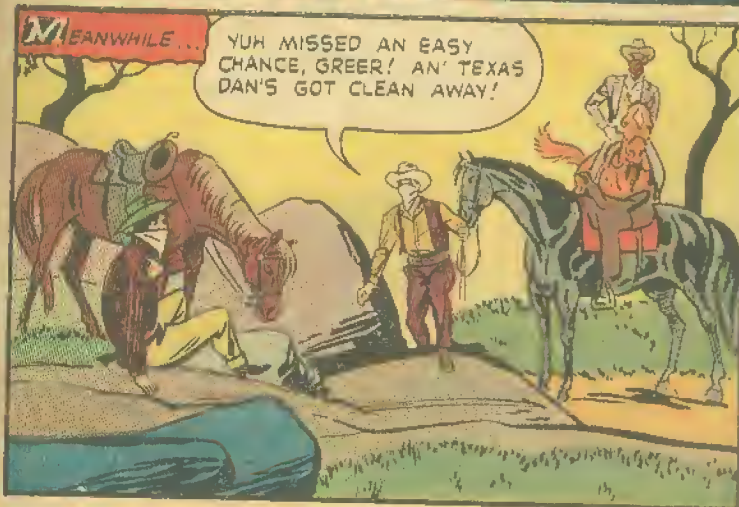
TIM HOLT

A RUNAWAY STAGECOACH...A DRIVER SLUMPED IN THE WILDLY CAREENING SEAT...A GIRL SCREAMING IN TERROR ... THE WHIPLASH CRACK OF PURSUING RIFLE FIRE — THESE ARE THE TERRIBLE PORTENTS OF A GRIM AND DEADLY DRAMA INTO WHICH TIM HOLT GALLOPS DESPERATELY, A DRAMA THAT BECAME LEGEND AS —

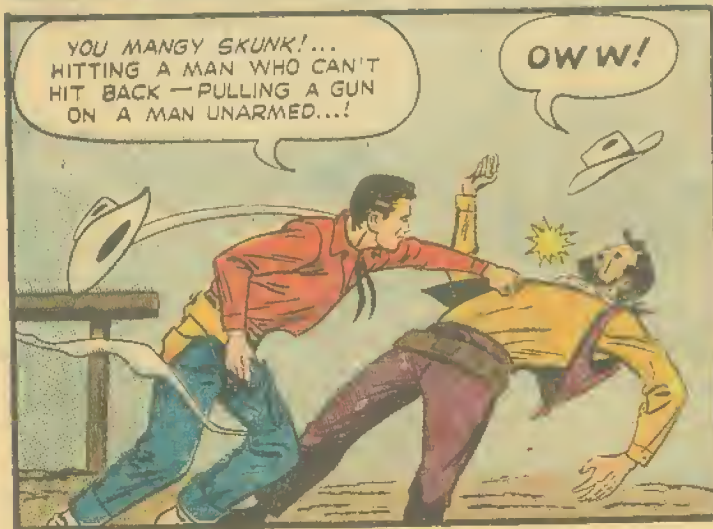
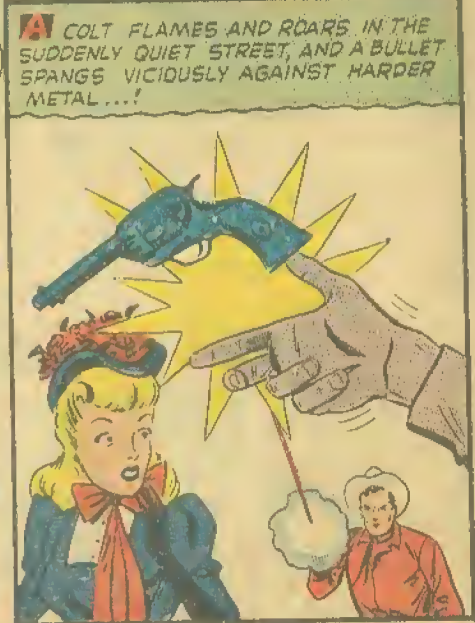
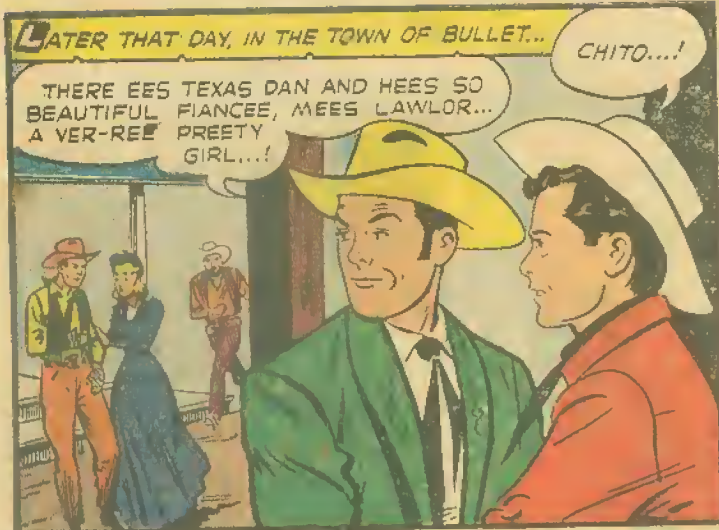
"The Hands of TEXAS DAN!"



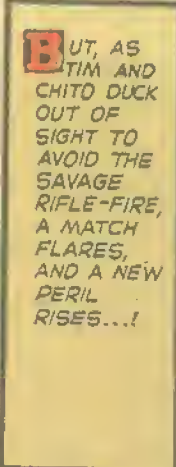
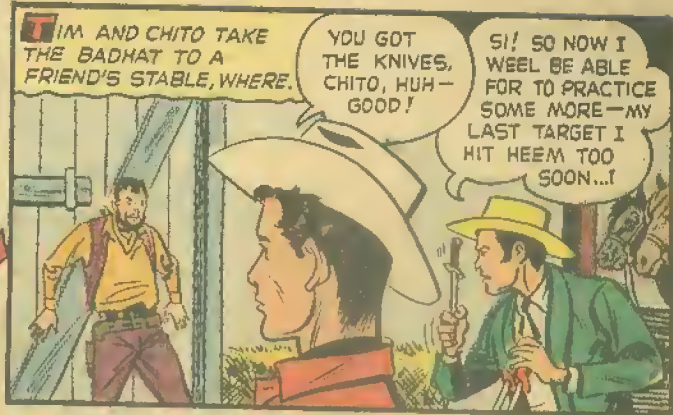
TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

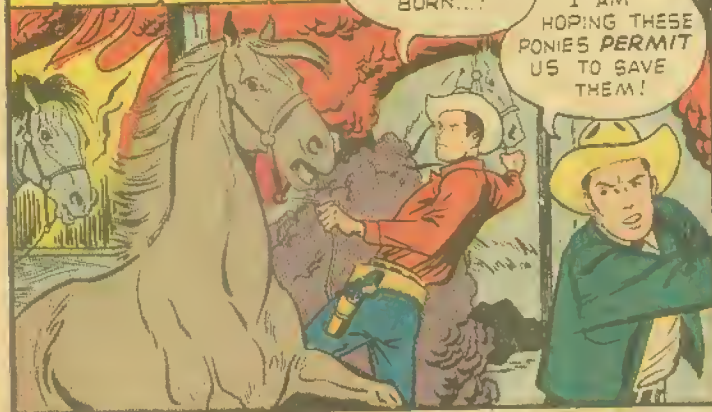


TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, THE STABLE BECOMES A ROARING INFERNO...



WE'LL HAVE TO LET THAT SKUNK GET AWAY--WE CAN'T LET THESE HORSES BURN...

I AM HOPING THESE PONIES PERMIT US TO SAVE THEM!

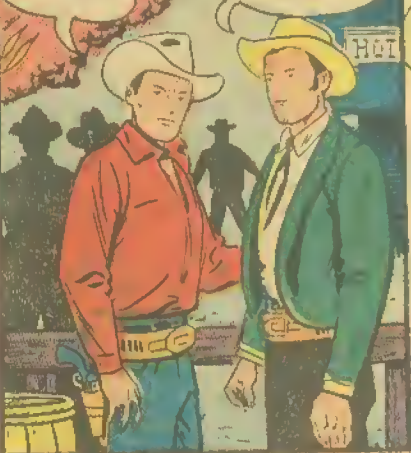
I'M GLAD--COUGH--THAT BACK DOOR-- WASN'T NAILED SHUT!

W'AT DEEF'RENCE? -COUGH- I WOULD MAKE A DOOR MYSELF! -COUGH-



BEFORE THAT BULLET STOPPED HIM, THAT OUTLAW SAID: "IT'S SNAKE!" THAT MEAN ANY-THING TO YOU, CHITO?

COULD EET BEING SNAKE DARBY WHO EES OWN THE GOLD STRIKE SALOON?

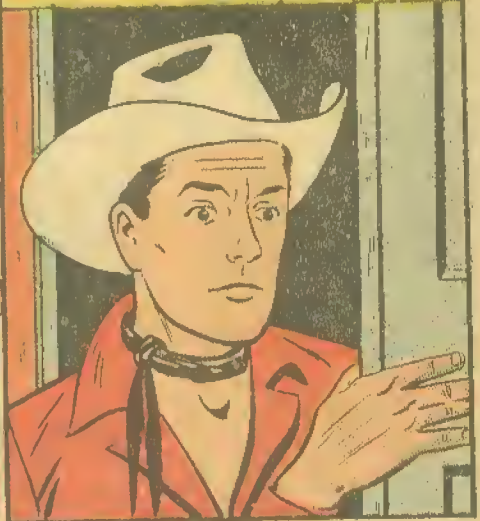


SNAKE'S RECORD IS CLEAN, AS FAR AS I KNOW. HE'S BEEN AROUND HERE A LONG TIME--I CAN'T IMAGINE WHEN HE COULD HAVE RUN A-FOUL OF TEXAS DAN. BUT I'LL CHECK WITH THE MARSHAL...

AN' I WEEL GO GO PLAY ROULETTE EEN THE GOLD STRIKE SALOON...

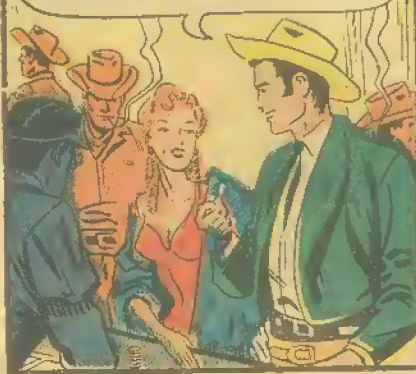


A MINUTE LATER, WHEN TIM ENTERS TEXAS DAN'S ROOM, HE SEES SOMETHING THAT WIDENS HIS EYES AND LIFTS HIS BROWS...



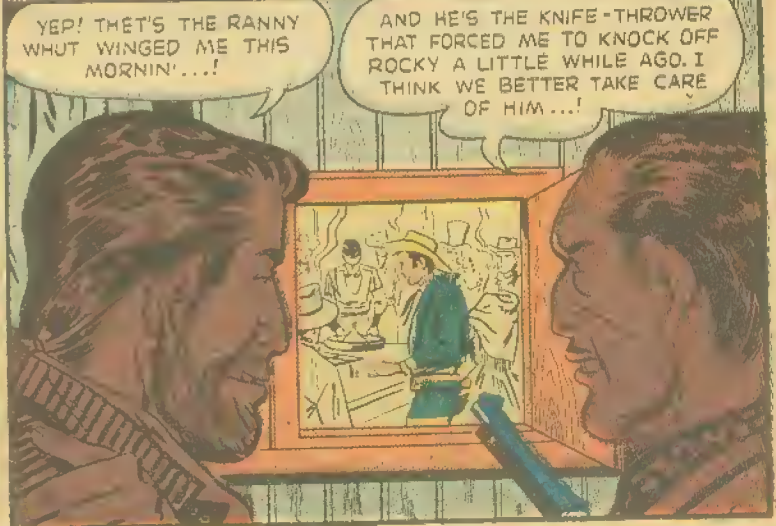
SOME FIFTEEN MINUTES AFTER-WARDS IN THE GOLDEN STRIKE SALOON...

BUT OF COURSE I'M LUCKY! I AM JOSE GONZALEZ BUSTAMONTE RAFFERTY! JOOST BEING ME IS FOR TO BE LUCKY!

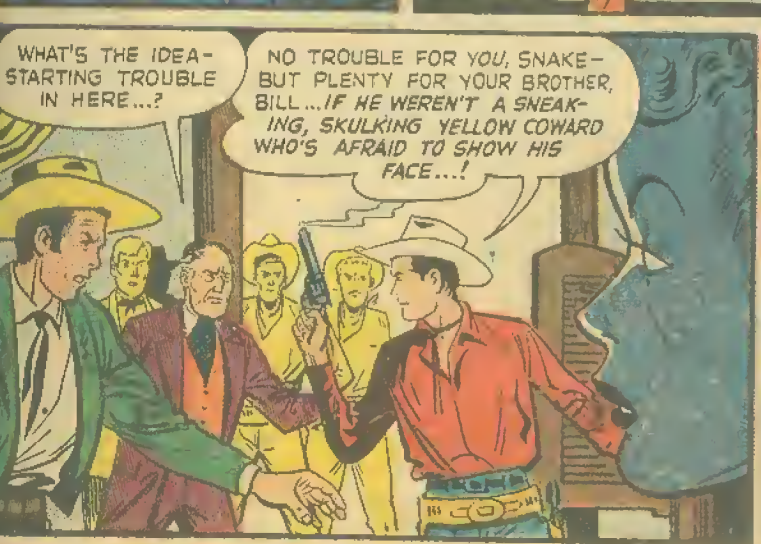
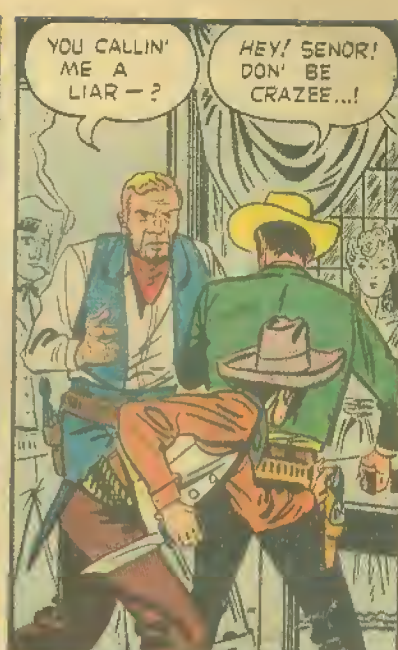


YEP! THAT'S THE RANNY WHUT WINGED ME THIS MORNIN'...!

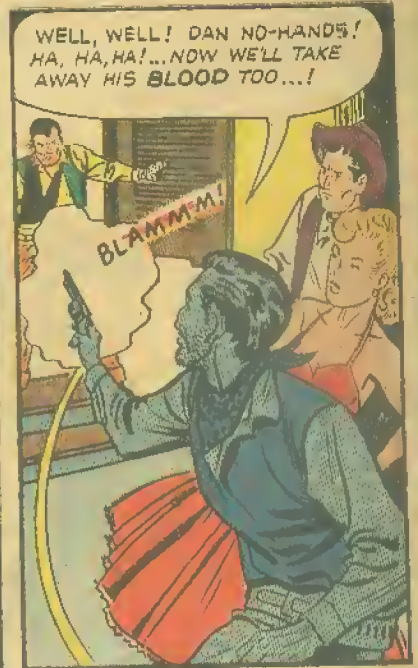
AND HE'S THE KNIFE-THROWER THAT FORCED ME TO KNOCK OFF ROCKY A LITTLE WHILE AGO. I THINK WE BETTER TAKE CARE OF HIM...!



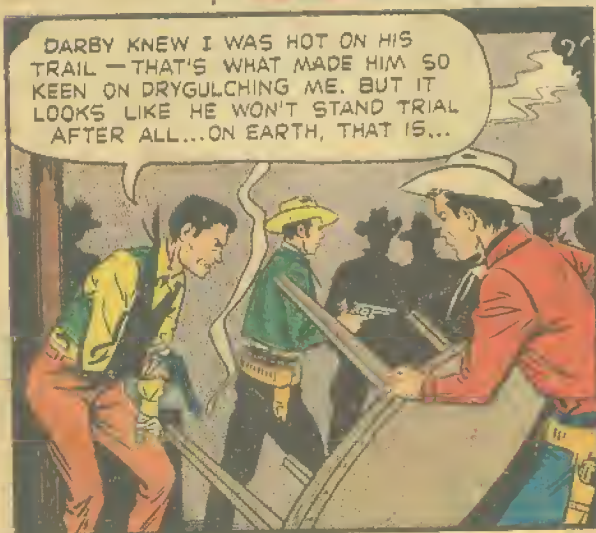
TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



THEN, SWIFTLY AS A STRIKING ADDER, A BANDAGED HAND LEAPS FROM A FUNERAL-BLACK SLING — A BANDAGED HAND WITH A GUN IN IT...!

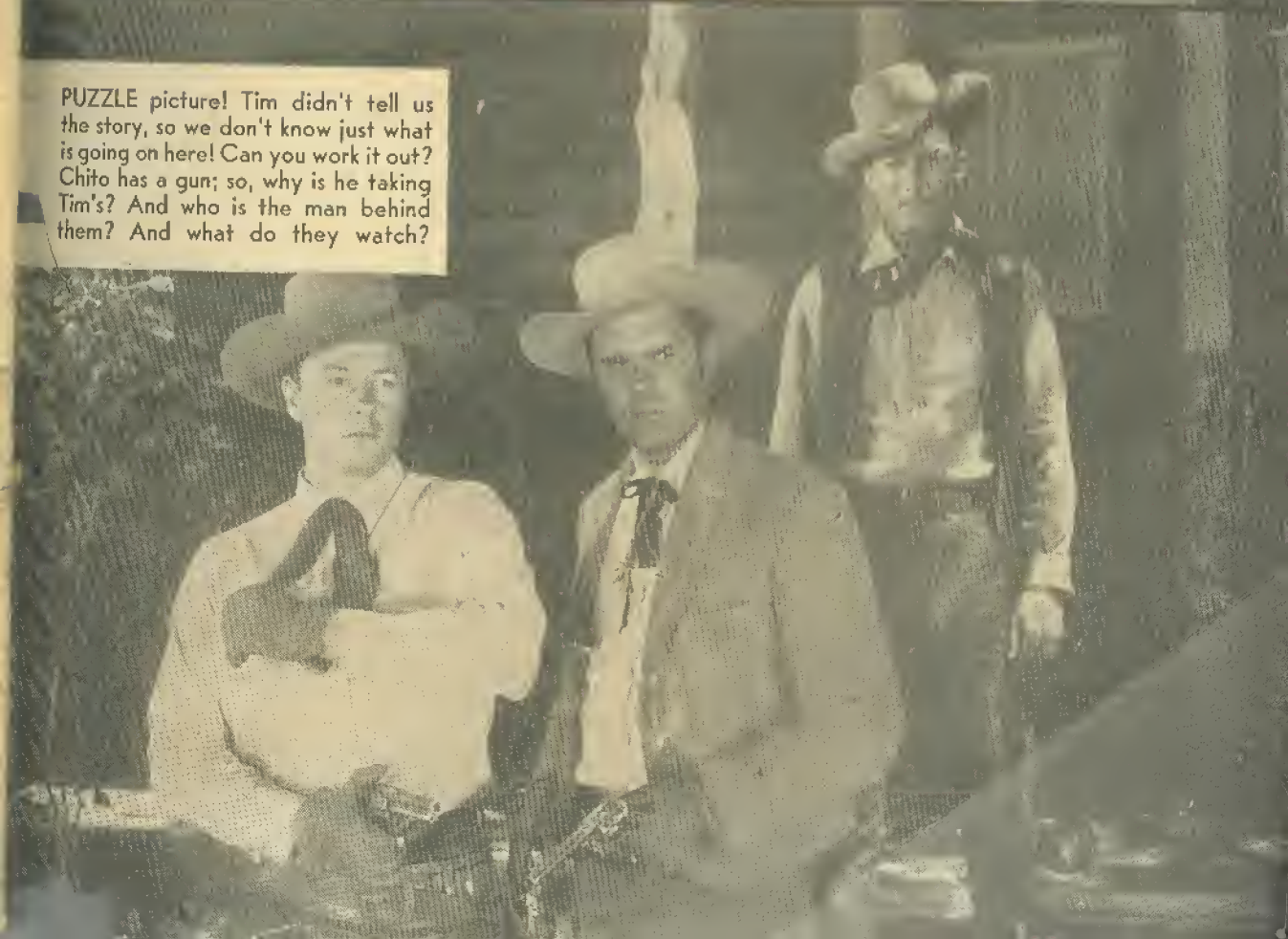


THE END

A PAIR of "sixes" call the hand! The smooth-looking gambler with the fancy vest stares into the business end of Tim's menacing gun and knows the chips are down and the game up. And there's no joker in Tim's deck!



PUZZLE picture! Tim didn't tell us the story, so we don't know just what is going on here! Can you work it out? Chito has a gun; so, why is he taking Tim's? And who is the man behind them? And what do they watch?



NEW! "BOB WEST'S AMAZINGLY EASY PICTURE METHOD"

SHOWS HOW TO

PLAY GUITAR

IN 2 WEEKS

OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Think Of
The Fun
You'll Have



45 PHOTOS
SHOW EXACTLY
WHERE TO PUT
YOUR FINGERS
101 SONGS
Words & Music
INCLUDED!

★ EXPERIENCED GUITAR PLAYERS have told me Bob West's "PICTURE METHOD" improves their playing tremendously and is ideal for beginners. Don't envy friends who are so popular because they play a musical instrument. LEARN TO PLAY THE GUITAR and hold the spotlight at parties, entertainments, or gatherings of friends. You will be amazed at how easy it is to learn to play the Guitar, even if you can't read a note of music.

Play in 2 WEEKS or YOUR MONEY BACK

Now let Bob West, radio's favorite Guitar player, show you how, with his sensational "Picture Method." Don't judge Bob West's "Picture Method" by any other "course" you have ever seen... This is an entirely new method. Most "instruction courses" have only 6 or 8 pictures... but Bob West's new method has 45 actual photographs! It not only teaches, but shows you exactly where and how to place your fingers, etc. Most others offer a few songs... Bob provides 101! Yes, 101 songs chosen for their radio popularity, so you can sing and play right along with your favorite radio programs or records!

**BOB WEST, Dept. 164,
1665 MILWAUKEE AVE., CHICAGO 47, ILL.**

Dear Bob: Please rush one of your new streamlined "Picture Method" Guitar Course and 101 Songs. I will pay postman \$1.69 plus C. O. D. and postage. I understand that if I am not playing beautiful music in 2 weeks after I receive your Bob West Guitar Course, you will refund my \$1.69.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____ BOX _____ R.F.D. _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

I WONDER HOW MARY LEARNED TO PLAY THE GUITAR SO WELL. A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO SHE COULDN'T PLAY A NOTE. I THINK I'LL ASK HER.



WHY THERE'S NOTHING TO IT. I JUST SENT FOR BOB WEST'S STREAMLINED GUITAR COURSE AND LEARNED RIGHT AWAY.



A FEW DAYS LATER

LOOK, PEGGY, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS HOLD MY FINGERS LIKE IT SHOWS HERE IN THE PICTURES... AND I'M PLAYING!



JUST THINK, PEGGY, A FEW WEEKS AGO I WAS A "WALLFLOWER." NOW LOOK AT HOW POPULAR I AM SINCE I LEARNED TO PLAY THE GUITAR.



YES, AND EVEN A TEN YEAR OLD CHILD CAN FOLLOW THIS SIMPLE "PICTURE METHOD"!

SEND NO MONEY!

Just send your name and address to BOB WEST. Pay postman only \$1.69 plus C. O. D. and postage. Don't delay! Order NOW! Start playing beautiful chords the VERY FIRST day. Be playing beautiful music in two weeks or get your money back. Write BOB WEST, Dept. 164, 1665 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago 47, Ill.

SAVE MONEY ON A GUITAR

Bob West's own \$19.95 value Autograph Guitar now only \$14.95. Send \$1 deposit, pay balance on delivery. Write Bob West, Studio 10, 1665 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago 47, Ill.